

KOSCIUSKO CHRONICLE.

BY GEORGE W. HARLOW.

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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TERMS.

The KOSCIUSKO CHRONICLE is published every Thursday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance.

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Job work must be paid for on delivery.

[From the Southern Cultivator.]

Roadside Trees.

In no part of the U. States, except in New Jersey, have we seen anything like the state of things described in the following extract from Mr. Loudon's Arboretum. In that State, on Long Hill, there was, twenty years ago, an avenue of cherry trees of some miles in length. The trees grew by the road side, and every one passing took what he wanted, and no one questioned his right to do so. The trees were very old when we saw them first, and we are under the impression that they were planted before the revolutionary war. They were, however, beginning to show the signs of having suffered from the spirit that, since the change of our institutions from colonial to National, has become so rife over the whole country, and more especially over the Southern States—we mean that spirit that prompts people to destroy everything like trees, shrubbery and flowers, that does not belong to themselves. Especially if the public should happen to own anything of the sort, in town or country, does it become an object of either plunder or destruction. We have seen a person in a public garden, the keeper being absent, go to beating a choice shrub with his cane, and persevere until nothing but the naked stump was left. Another insisted on his right to take his dogs into a garden, because it was a public garden, to hunt rabbits. And, often, no sooner was the back of the keeper turned than the work of plunder began. Even in private gardens, in our towns, every tree or shrub within reach from the street, frequently has its branches broken, and its whole form thus mutilated; so that now persons caring for such things carefully avoid planting so near the fence that it can be reached, anything of value, either for use or ornament. And as for planting avenues of fruit trees by the road-side, any one who would seriously propose such a thing would be laughed at as a fool.

Nor is this spirit of Vandalism confined to the destruction of trees, shrubbery and flowers. If the public authorities shall set up mile posts on the public roads, they are destroyed or the figures thereon are altered or effaced so as to make them useless. So too with finger boards at cross-roads; no matter how carefully put up, they are soon either knocked down, or changed so as to mislead the traveller who shall depend on them.

These things we have been assured were not so before the revolution: and it is a curious problem yet to be solved, why they have become so under republican institutions. One thing is certain, agriculturists suffer more from the prevalence of such a spirit than any other class—for being in so large a majority they have it in their power to create a sound public opinion on this subject; and failing to do so, they have to bear the consequences in character, and in pocket especially. For with prudent men, the value of real property is always seriously affected by the state of public opinion in the neighborhood on this very subject. No man, in his senses, will buy land in a neighborhood where rowdiness reigns supreme.

To return to Mr. Loudon. In his Arboretum he says:—"On the continent, and more especially in Germany and Switzerland, the cherry is much used as a roadside tree; particularly in the northern parts of Germany, where the

apple and pear will not thrive. In some countries the road passes for many miles together through an avenue of cherry trees. In Moravia, the road from Brunn to Olmutz, passes through such an avenue, extending upwards of sixty miles in length; and in the autumn of 1828, we travelled for several days through almost one continuous avenue of cherry trees, from Starsburg by a circuitous route to Munich. These avenues in Germany are planted by the desire of the respective governments, not only for shading the traveller, but in order that the poor pedestrian may obtain refreshment on his journey. All persons are allowed to partake of the cherries, on condition of not injuring the trees; but the main crop of the cherries when ripe, is gathered by the respective proprietors of the land on which it grows; and when these are anxious to preserve the fruit of any particular tree it is, as it were, tabooed; that is, a wisp of straw is tied in a conspicuous part to one of the branches, as vines by the roadside in France, when the grapes are ripe, are protected by sprinkling a plant here and there, with a mixture of lime and water, which marks the leaves with conspicuous white blotches. Every one who has travelled on the continent, in the fruit season, must have observed the respect that is paid to these appropriating marks; and there is something highly gratifying in this, and in the humane feeling displayed by the princes of the different countries, in causing the trees to be planted. It would indeed be lamentable if kind treatment did not produce corresponding return."

Dow, Jr., on Oregon.

My young maidens—I know you all want to get married as soon as you enter upon your teens; but it is better to remain single in life and live upon the soup of solitude, than to be married to misery, or wedded to woe. I have but a poverty stricken opinion of the major portion of my sex. They are so corrupted by the misceled refinements of the age—so inflated with pride, so fooled by fashion, so afraid of the soil on which they tread, so given to the cultivation of whiskers and moustaches, while their morals are in a wretched state for want of weeding; and so overgrown with hair, vanity, and laziness, that scarcely one out of 30 is any more fit to be trusted with a wife, than a hog is with a garland of flowers. I have sometimes thought women, rum, tobacco and democracy would be the ruin of the country; but when I consider how all parties are agreed upon the subject of Oregon, I feel that we have nothing to fear from these four imaginary evils. If the country is ever ruined it will be through the cupidity, and vaunting ambition of man. If it is saved, we must give all the glory to women. If we fight, it will not only be for a strip of territory, but for her. Guided by her counsels, influenced by her example, and spurred onward by her love, we are bound to resist all foreign aggression and travel straight ahead to honor, peace, prosperity and happiness. So mote it be!

FLESH TURNED TO STONE.—The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas, states that Dr. Silvestre, an Italian, has revived the discovery of "a method of hardening, even to the consistency or rather solidity of marble, any organised substance." He is further said to have exhibited, amongst other specimens of his skill, "a woman's head, with the hair parted and dressed, the hair retaining its flexible properties and color, although the surface from which it grew resembled stone. There was also a child's hand, plump and dimpled as in life, but cold, semi-transparent, and ringing like marble when struck; a piece of Liver, of its deep, rich, chocolate brown color, somewhat resembling red granite, and a petrified tongue appeared as if it never could have emitted a sound. It was literally 'a tongue in stone.'" The learned Doctor says, that so cheap is the process, that at a very small expense our dead friends may be turned into stone. This process throws entirely into shade the Egyptian art of embalming.

"Mother! mother! here's Zeke, fretting the baby. Make him cry again, Zeke, then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him; he'll squall—and mother will give him more, and you can take that, and we'll both have some!"

The City of Mexico.

The new work on Mexico, by Hon. Waddy Thompson, recently American Minister to that country, gives the following sketch of the city of Mexico.

The city of Mexico is said to be the finest built city on the American continent. In some respects it certainly is so. In the principal streets the houses are all constructed according to the strictest architectural rules. The foundation of the city was laid, and the first buildings erected, by Cortez, who did everything well which he attempted—from building houses or writing a couplet to conquering an empire. Many of the finest buildings in Mexico are still owned by his descendants. The public square is said to be unsurpassed by any in the world; it contains some twelve or fifteen acres paved with stone. The cathedral covers one entire side, the palace another; the west side is occupied by a row of very high and substantial houses, the second stories of which project into the street the width of the pavement; the lower stories are occupied by the principal retail merchants of the city. The most of these houses were built by Cortez, who, with his characteristic sagacity, and an avarice which equally characterized him in the latter part of his life, selected the best portion of the city for himself.

The President's Palace, formerly the palace of viceroys, is an immense building of three stories high, about five hundred feet in length and three hundred and fifty wide; it stands on the site of the palace of Montezuma. It is difficult to conceive of so much stone and mortar being put together in a less tasteful and imposing shape; it has much more the appearance of a cotton factory or a penitentiary, than what it really is; the windows are small, and a parapet wall runs the whole length of the building, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its appearance, except some very indifferent ornamental work in the centre; there are no doors in the front either of the second or third stories—nothing but disproportionately small windows, and too many of them; the three doors, and there are only three in the lower story, are utterly destitute of all architectural beauty or ornament. Only a very small part of this palace is appropriated to the residence of the President; all the public officers are here, including those of the different departments; ministers of war, foreign relations, finance and justice, the public treasury, &c., &c. The Halls of the House of Deputies and of the Senate, are also in the same building, and last and least, the botanic garden. After passing through all sorts of filth and dirt on the basement story, you come to a dark narrow passage which conducts you to a massive door; when you have succeeded in opening it, you enter an apartment enclosed with high walls on every side, but open at the top, and certainly not exceeding eighty feet square, and this is the botanic garden of the palace of Mexico; a few shrubs and plants, and the celebrated manita tree, are all that it contains. I have rarely in my life seen a more gloomy and desolate looking place. A decrepit, palsied old man, said to be over a hundred years old, is the superintendent of the establishment; no one could have been selected more in keeping with the general dilapidation and dreariness of this melancholy affair.

But the Cathedral, which occupies the site of the great Idol temple of Montezuma, offers a striking contrast. It is five hundred feet long by four hundred and twenty wide. It would be superfluous to add another to the many descriptions of this famous building which have already been published. Like all the other churches in Mexico, it is built in the Gothic style. The walls, of several feet thickness, are made of unhewn stone and lime. Upon entering it, one is apt to recall the wild fictions of the Arabian Nights; it seems as if the wealth of empires was collected there. The clergy in Mexico do not, for obvious reasons, desire that their wealth should be made known to its full extent; they are, therefore, not disposed to give full information on the subject, or to exhibit the gold and silver vessels, vases, precious stones, and other forms of wealth; quite enough is exhibited to strike the beholder with wonder. The first object that presents itself on entering the cathedral is the altar near the centre of the building; it is made of highly-wrought and highly polished silver, and covered with a profusion of ornaments of pure

gold. On each side of this altar runs a balustrade, enclosing a space of about eight feet wide and eighty or a hundred feet long. The balusters are about four feet high, and four inches thick in the largest part; the hand-rail from six to eight inches wide. Upon the top of this hand-rail, at the distance of six or eight feet apart, are human images, beautifully wrought, and about two feet high. All of these, the balustrade, hand-rail, and images, are made of a compound of gold, silver, and copper—more valuable than silver. I was told that an offer had been made to take this balustrade, and replace it with another of exactly the same size and workmanship of pure silver, and to give half a million of dollars besides. There is much more of the same balustrade in other parts of the church; I should think in all of it not less than three hundred feet.

As you walk through the building, on either side there are large apartments, all filled, from the floor to the ceiling, with paintings, statues, vases, huge candle sticks, waiters, and a thousand other articles, made of gold and silver. This, too, is only the every day display of articles of least value; the more costly are stored away in chests or closets. What must it be when all these are brought out, with the immense quantities of precious stones, which the church is known to possess? And this is only one of the churches in the city of Mexico, where there are between sixty and eighty others, and some of them possessing little less wealth than the cathedral; and it must be remembered, that almost all the other large cities, such as Puebla, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durango, San Louis Potosi, &c., have each a proportionate number of gorgeous establishments.

California—Capt. Fremont.

The Washington Union publishes the following:

The unwarranted attempt to drive Capt. Fremont from the country has already been alluded to in the newspapers. After having been ordered away by Don Jose Castro, commanding General, Capt. F., expecting an attack, fortified himself about twelve leagues distant from Monterey. Castro assembled about one hundred men in front of the entrenchment. After remaining there three days, he concluded to treat, when it was discovered that the party had quietly gone off, leaving some old saddles and trash which the Californians magnified into munitions of war.

Three hundred riflemen offered their services to Capt. Fremont, but they were declined.

The movement against Capt. Fremont seems to have been directed by the central Government of Mexico; but it is not believed that the people of California entertained any ill will towards him or would willingly have done him harm. His own conduct in the whole matter seems to have been marked alike by courage and discretion. We subjoin a copy of a letter written by him to the American consul at Monterey, when in expectation of an attack, and received by the consul on the evening of March 10. The captain remained in excellent health, and had gone north:—

"MY DEAR SIR: I this moment received your letters, and, without waiting to read them, acknowledge the receipt which the courier requires instantly. I am making myself as strong as possible, in the intention that, if we are unjustly attacked, we will fight to extremity and refuse quarter, trusting to our country to avenge our death. No one has reached my camp; and from the heights we are able to see troops (with the glass) mustering at St. John's and preparing cannon. I thank you for your kindness and good wishes, and would write more at length as to my intentions, did I not fear that my letter would be intercepted. We have in nowise done wrong to the people or the authorities of the country, and, if we are hemmed in and assaulted, we will die every man of us, under the flag of our country. Very truly yours, J. C. FREMONT."

"P. S. I am encamped on the top of the Sierra, at the headwaters of a stream which strikes the road to Monterey, at the house of D. Joaquin Gomez."

J. C. F."

"Annexation and war—that's true, every word of it," said a pert old maid—"no sooner do you get married than you begin to fight!"

[From the New York Globe.]

Mexican Presidents.

In our paper of yesterday we alluded to the Presidents of Mexico, but the great length of the article in which the allusion was made forbid our publishing their names, and therefore we give them now:

Iturbide, Emperor of the limited monarchy established after the separation from Spain—exiled, returned and shot, 1822.

Gen. Victoria, the first President, elected 1824, with Gen Bravo as Vice President, who denounced Victoria, but was beaten, surrendered and banished.

Gen. Pedraza—was elected April, 1828, over his opponent, Gen. Guerrero, who used violence to displace him; he was aided by a large force with Santa Anna at its head, who was defeated, and made his escape. In 1828 (October) a mob headed by ex-Marxuis Cadena seized the Government, and Pedraza fled, and Guerrero was declared elected, with Bustamante for Vice President. Soon after that, Bustamante revolted, civil war ensued, which ended in the execution of Guerrero in February, 1831, at Oajaca, leaving

Bustamante in the President's chair. In 1832 Santa Anna marched from Vera Cruz to the Capital, made Bustamante resign in favor of Pedraza, then an exile in Philadelphia, who returned and served out the remainder of the 1828 election; and then

Santa Anna was elected in May 1833—taken prisoner at the battle of San Jacinto in 1836; Bustamante was then in exile in France, but returned on hearing of the capture of Santa Anna; and Bustamante was elected. Santa Anna on obtaining his liberty, was in retirement some time on his estate, then took the field against Bustamante in 1841, and drove him from power; and

Santa Anna became President in 1841; and being deposed by Gen. Herrera, who sent him to Havana in exile; and then Herrera was deposed by

Paredes, who usurped the Presidency, and is now, 1846, military despot.

Mexican Mode of Recruiting the Army.

You can fancy nothing more odd than the manner in which the army is recruited. A number of men are perhaps wanted to complete a new company, and a sergeant and his guard are forthwith despatched to inspect the neighboring Indians and Mesquitos. The subaltern finds a dozen or more at work in the fields; and, even without the formality of a request, immediately picks his men and orders them into the ranks. If they attempt to escape or resist, they are at once lassoed; and at night fall the whole gang is marched, tied in pairs, into the *cuartel* of the village or the guard-room of the Palace, with a long and lugubrious procession of wives and children, weeping and howling for the loss of their martial mates. Next day the "volunteers" are handed over to the drill sergeants; and I have often laughed most heartily at the singular group presented by these new caught soldiers, on their first parade under their military tutor. One half the number are always Indians, and the rest, most likely, *Leperos*. One has a pair of trousers but no shirt; another a shirt and a pair of drawers; another hides himself as well as he can, under his blanket and broad brimmed hat; another has drawers and a military cap. The drilling of these men is constant and severe. The sergeant is generally a well-tried soldier, and unsparing in the use of his long hard rod, for the slightest symptom of neglect. In a few weeks, after the troops acquire the ordinary routine of duty, they are put into uniform, paraded through the streets, and you would scarcely believe they had ever been the coarse Indians, and scurvy *Leperos*, who robbed you on the road or pilfered your pockets in the streets.

KENTUCKY.—The Frankfort Commonwealth of Tuesday says:

The number of companies called for was 30. In response to the call, 85 companies and 2 regiments were tendered, equal to 105 companies, being 75 more than called for, to say nothing of the many companies not reported. There is every reason to believe that, had 10,000 men been called, they would have responded ere now—every man. That's Kentucky all over.